



STRANGER (with shears)—That poodle would look better clipped. Shall I do it?  
JONES—I don't mind.



STRANGER (after an hour's work in the hot sun)—Pardon, please.  
JONES—Great! That isn't my dog.

### The Man of Mystery.

He stood on the forward deck.

Although there was a crowd quite near to him, he evinced no inclination to be sociable. He stood apart, a silent, solitary, sad-eyed man.

Had he a secret sorrow weighing down his soul? Did some unuttered, unutterable grief gnaw at his heart strings, plunging him into the depths of darkest despair, changing life's golden glamour into dreary gray, extinguishing the light laughter and crushing the sportive spirit of his young manhood?

Those were questions which none but he might answer—questions which, mayhap, almost any other than he could better bear the agony of answering.

He stood alone, near the bow of the boat, whose prow cut swiftly through the water, throwing from its track a white surge that moaned away in a ceaseless melancholy monotone that must have found a responsive echo within his sorely troubled breast.

It is but fair to say that I am surmising all this—surmising that he was one of those whom misery marks for her own. Yet who could look upon his manly, rugged and somewhat weather-beaten features, where the patient pensiveness of habitual thought sat with the proprietary air of a mortgage—who could look there and fail to think as I did?

But the boat speeds on, nearer and nearer draw the multitudinous lights of the great city, and hope, joyous expectancy, swell the hearts of those aboard, as they realize that they will soon be there, the voyage over.

The melancholy man betrays no such emotions. Neither to right nor to left he looks, but a sterner expression, suggestive of some duty soon to be performed, settles over his features. Poor fellow! Who knows what the end of the voyage may mean to him?

And now it is over. The vessel is fast to her moorings, the wanderers have gone ashore; white, cold moonbeams flood the deserted deck. Ah! not wholly deserted, for the sad-eyed, silent, solitary man lingers yet.

And now for the first time we notice—that he is the ferryboat deck hand!

"Cheer!" murmured Tom's Jean Timothy, as he lay on his back in the grass and gazed up into the blue vault above him. "I'd like ter be a butterfly!"

"Cos why?" murmured also indifferent Ike, lazily chewing a blade of grass, not too energetically. "Oh, dey has eligint rathin' an' dey finds deir food widout askin' unkind folks fer it."

"Aw, too much quick flyin' around," responded Ike. "Gimme der life of er snail. Dat's de bloke wot travels so slow you can't see him move some times. See?"

"Wot—wid all dem houses on its back?" queried Timothy disgustedly. "Gwan widder! I'd sooner be de houses an' git carried free."

This was a joke, and both Ike and Timothy laughed consumedly.

"Ah, well," continued the latter, "de existence of one er dem beathen idols must er bin satisfiyin' to der soul. Jist sittin' down, proud an' ca'm, an' lookin' at all de worshippers wid a sneerin' visage, an' not havin' a t'ing ter do but accept de gifts of all dem superstitious mugs. Ah, dat's wot I'd like fast-rate!"

"Talkin' erbout beathens," remarked Ike herewith, "de daily round of der ancient Emp'ors of Jaypan beats all your dreams holler."

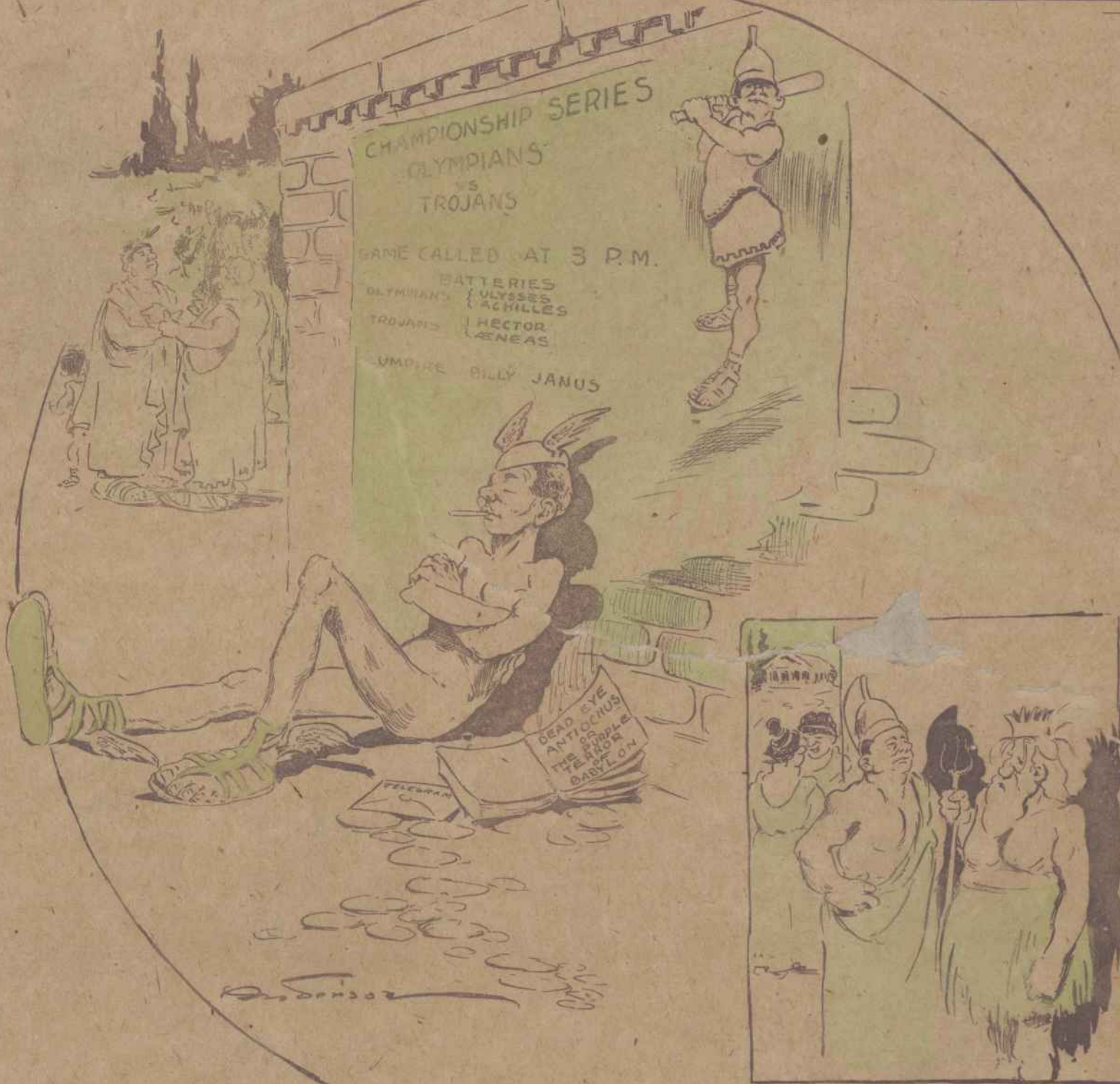
"Prove it," said Timothy.

"Why, I onct read his person wuz considered so sacrid dat he himself wasn't allowed to do nothin' but jist sit around an' eat, an' wot's more dey wouldn't let him cut his own nails or comb his hair or wash himself!!! Wodjer tink er dat?" But Timothy's soul was too full for utterance.

"QUICK" INAPPLICABLE.



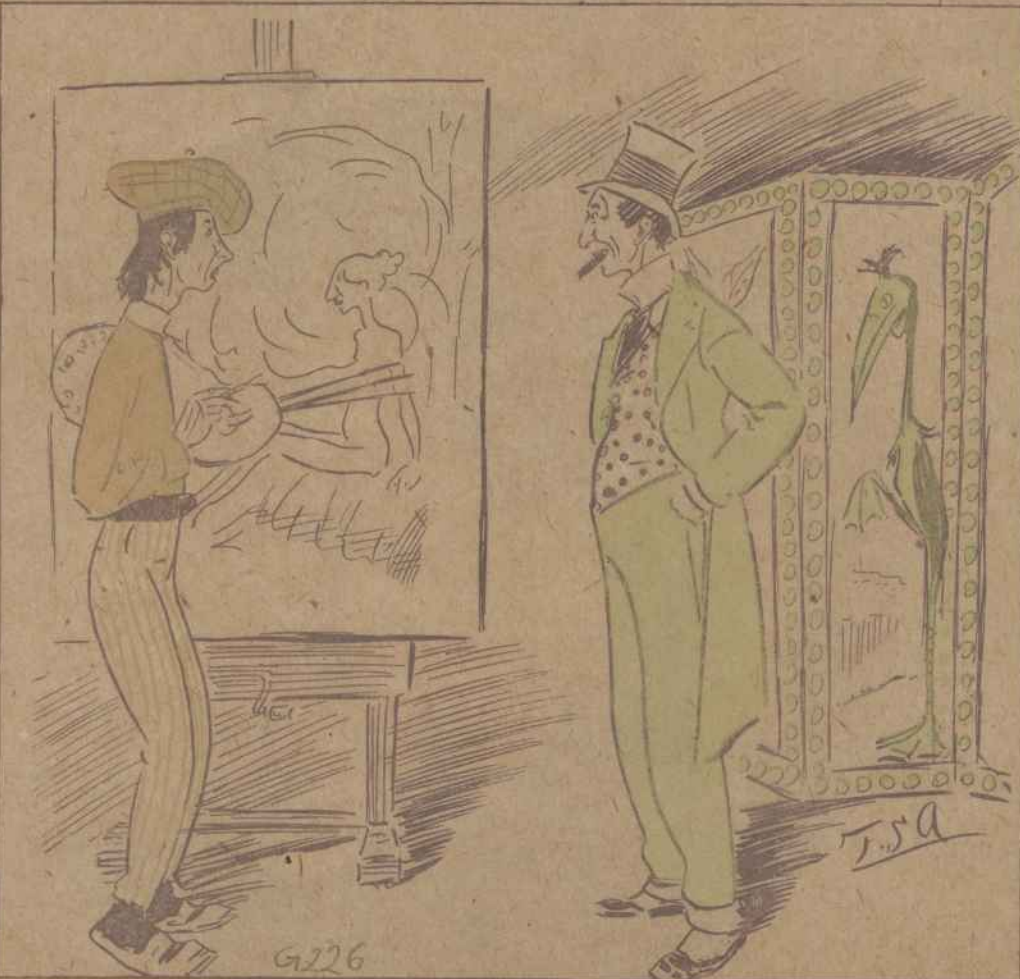
—and is telling about it.



The evening of that deluge colloquially a late, and the upstairs ass exchanging concerning on male portion—that the time their own-around on was not to

h upon o. I think we h. "All right, as he hastily hands it o. ust as soon. And as t. the shower upo. tee win bla late cy.

### WHAT A PITY.



DAUBER—When I was twenty years of age I could have died for my art.  
CRITICUS (examining pictures)—Aw, my dear fellow, if you only had!

STUDENT—How is it, Professor, that the Romans never called Mercury Quicksilver now and then? It's a synonym, you know.

PROFESSOR—You forget that Mercury was the messenger boy of the gods.

### Her Allurements.

She can cook like a chef from dear, giddy Patee;  
She can drive a nail straight, she is ne'er sick at sea;

She can sew a fine seam and can eke milk a cow;  
She can dance as young Ariel dances I trow;  
She will laugh at your joke, be it pointless or flat;  
She can make a Spring bonnet from last Winter's hat;

She can flatter you up till you swear you're no dunce,

And if you'd be petted make love to her once;  
She fears not a mouse; she has saved up some tin—

She MUST be all this, for she's homely as sin.

### Handicapped.

MRS. HOYLE—How do you like the idea of moving out of town?

MRS. DOYLE—Pretty well on some accounts but there is one great drawback. I'm afraid I shall not be able to find a servant girl.

MRS. HOYLE—Why not?

MRS. DOYLE—They all require references nowadays, and they are not easy to get in a place where you are not known.

